Pat. Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpoſe into morrow es battell,
Here is a letter from Queene *Hecuba*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue ſworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or ſtay,
My *maior* vow lies here; this ile obay,
Come, come, *Therſites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting muſt al be ſpent, away *Patroclus*.

Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, theſe two may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has not ſo much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly tranſformation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty ſhooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an Aſſe, were nothing hee is both Aſſe and Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Aſſe, to be a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule, a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care, but to bee *Menelaus* I would conſpire againſt deſteny, aske me what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*, for Icare not to be the Louſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*---hey-day ſprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vliſſes, Neſt: and Diomed with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.
Aiax. No, yonder tis there where we ſee the lights.
Hect. I trouble you. *Aiax.* No not a whit:
Vliſ. Here comes himſelfe to guide you.
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.
Men. Good night my Lord.

Hect.